

Canadian Soldier And Educator Called By Death

Mozart the Subject of Paper Read by Miss Helen Porter

Brilliant Performances of Artists Delights University Musical Club

Members of the University Musical Club gathered in the Heintzman Hall last Sunday at 3:30, to hear a programme on Mozart, which had been arranged by Madame Le Saunier.

Prof. J. T. Jones, after the business of the meeting had been disposed of, called upon the speaker, Miss Helen Porter, who read a paper on Mozart.

Miss Porter introduced her subject by first sketching an outline of general conditions in Europe and America when Mozart was born. The eighteenth century was one of great intellectual and scientific advancement.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, in Austria, on Jan. 27, 1756. "Had little Wolfgang not had the discipline and hard work, tempered by the great love that his father gave him, he might have been a brief blaze destined to be extinguished by his own weaknesses," the speaker said.

At the age of five he had composed three Minuets and an Allegro. He performed many astounding feats of dexterity on the keyboard. While many other children have shown virtuosity at five years of age, Mozart differed from these in that from the earliest age he created as well as performed.

In 1780 he went with his father to the musical world centre, which was then Italy. The influence of the Italian school is shown in Mozart's operas, "The Marriage of Figaro" and Don Juan.

The life of such a genius should have been successful and prosperous, but it was neither. Despite his evident greatness, Mozart was unable to get a good appointment under a royal patron. This was the only way in which a musician in those days could be sure of having enough to subsist on. Unrequited affection for

a singer further depressed him. The popularity of his music enriched only the publisher, never the composer, and so it was that he, the foremost virtuoso in Europe, the most perfect creator of pure music, was buried in a pauper's grave.

In 1771 Mozart had settled in Vienna, marrying Constance von Weber, sister of his first love. There he wrote his gay operas, "Marriage of Figaro," "Cosi Fan Tutti," "The Magic Flute" and "Don Juan," as well as many concertos and symphonies, all of which are masterpieces of exquisite beauty. An unfortunate commission to write a requiem mass so depressed him that he was convinced it was for his own funeral. On the day of its completion he sank into profound melancholy, and died that same night, Dec. 5, 1791.

In his thirty-six years of life he wrote 779 compositions. Truly, a most prolific output. "In its classic and serene aloofness, its melodic wealth and mastery of form, it has the same instinct for proportion and simplicity that built the Parthenon and Chartres Cathedral. Mozart's versatility was immense, his workmanship perfect, his productiveness fabulous, and his inspiration divine."

This was Miss Porter's concluding statement, and ended a most interesting and informative paper on this master composer.

The second part of the meeting was given to the performance of several of Mozart's compositions. Miss Sadie Chmelnitsky played the Fantasia in C Minor and a Gigue in a most charming manner, doing full justice to these selections.

Miss Eleanor Agnew and Miss Zelma Moyes interpreted the Sonata in C for Violin and Piano with true artistry. Mozart wrote this sonata when he was eighteen.

The First Movement from the Sonata in D for Two Pianos was excellently rendered by Misses Mary Drummond and Sadie Chmelnitsky.

All these artists showed an understanding of Mozart's compositions which in a large measure contributed to making the meeting a most enjoyable one.

Mr. Jones, on behalf of the members, thanked Madame Le Saunier for arranging such a delightful program, and the artists for their fine interpretations.

He also announced that the next meeting will be held in the Athabasca Lounge on Dec. 10, at 3:30. Mr. Fraser Macdonald will be the speaker, and he has chosen as his subject a most controversial one, entitled, "Jazz: What? Whence? Why Not?" All members are urged to attend.

EXCHANGE SCHOLARS WILL BE CHOSEN

A limited number of students at the University of Alberta have the opportunity of obtaining a year's scholarship at some other Canadian university. These scholarships, which are sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students, enable students to study at an "exchange" university for one year without paying tuition fees or Students' Union fees. The N.F.C.U.S. representative on this campus is Mr. Hugh Arnold, and prospective applicants can obtain full details from him.

Any student, male or female, may apply if he is, at the time of his application, in the second year of his course or, in the case of five year courses, in the second or third year. It is a condition of each appointment that the Exchange Scholar must return, at the conclusion of his scholarship year, to complete his course at his "home" university. Consequently a Sophomore taking the usual four-year Arts course may be awarded a scholarship for his third year; in the case of five-year courses the scholarship may be awarded either for the third or fourth year.

An Exchange Scholar is expected to be a representative student of his "home" university in every way. It is not necessary that he should have a first-class academic standing, but he must be a competent student who will be able to enter freely into the life of the "exchange" university without fear of class-room consequences.

About fifty-five students have received Exchange Scholarships during the past five years. This year a total of six are enjoying the privileges of the exchange plan—one at McGill, one at Dalhousie, one at British Columbia, and three at Toronto. In most cases the saving in tuition fees more than balances the transportation costs involved. Applications must be handed in to the N.F.C.U.S. representative before March 1st, 1934.

McGILL SUFFERS GREAT LOSS

Victorious in many of the most desperate encounters of the Great War, one of Canada's best known and most colorful leaders lost his last great battle on Thursday of this week, when Sir Arthur Currie, leader of the Canadian Corps, and Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, died at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Born at Napperton, Middlesex County, Ontario, in December, 1875, Sir Arthur at an early age went to the Pacific Coast, where he soon took a great interest in military affairs, and laid the foundation for a brilliant army career. Going overseas as commander of the Second Canadian Infantry Brigade with the rank of Brigadier-General, he became commander of the First Canadian Division in 1915, which post he held until he succeeded Byng in command of the Canadian Corps. On his return

from France he for some time held the post of Inspector-General at Ottawa, the highest military post in the Dominion, which position in 1920 resigned to accept the principalship of McGill University.

Holder of the post of Commander of the French Legion of Honor, the award of the Croix de Guerre with Palms, the post of Grand Officier de l'Ordre de la Couronne and award of the Croix de Guerre, Belgium, and of the American Distinguished Service Medal, as well as honorary degrees from universities in both Canada and the United States, Sir Arthur Currie was a man presenting the rare combination of both military and civil greatness, one of Canada's most prominent leaders. His death represents a tremendous loss not only to the great University with which he was so long associated, but to the entire Dominion.

Gallant Frenchmen Formally Relegate Women to the Home

Montreal Visitors Win From Alberta in French Debate of Feminine Suffrage

On Tuesday evening, November 28, in Convocation Hall, representatives of the University of Alberta, Glen Shortliffe and Lionel Tellier, met representatives of the University of Montreal, Paul Dumas and Gerard Connoyer, in a formal French debate. The subject was, "Resolved that Feminine Suffrage is Acceptable." The affirmative side of the question was defended by the Alberta debaters.

The affirmative brought out that, while in primitive times man was superior to woman because of his physical strength, and because new intelligence has, to a great extent, replaced actual physical prowess, women are slaves no longer, but are capable of voting and political rights. When women have no say in the government, a state of barbarism and immorality occurs.

The negative, on the other hand, declared woman primarily a homemaker. She should be subject to her husband. The home is the training place for political life. The duties and obligations of wife and mother are numerous, and if woman entered politics her home and the up-bringing of her children would suffer.

To the above statement the affirmative claim was that unless a woman were aware of outside and current events she could not be effective in forming the minds of her children.

The negative asked, "How long will a woman's energy and enthusiasm last?" Woman have no political opinions; they are easily influenced and prejudiced.

The affirmative side pointed out that, as human beings have a natural right to be interested in political affairs, so women should have the right to vote.

The judges were Dr. Aristide Blais, Mr. E. E. Poirier and Mr. H. Milton Martin, and Dean W. A. R. Kerr, presiding as chairman, announced the decision in favor of the negative.

ALPHA AND BETA MYSTERIES TOLD

Radium, Not Fraternities, Subject of Fascinating Lecture Thursday

On Wednesday, November 29, Shirley G. Cragg, of Toronto, gave a very interesting and instructive address in Room 158 in the Medical building. The room was crowded, some students even sitting on the stairs.

At 8:30 o'clock President Wallace introduced Mr. Cragg, who is a mining engineer. Mr. Cragg has made a world-wide study of radium, and has travelled a great deal.

Mr. Cragg covered a large field very effectively. He showed the audience that the light rays from radium made a faint green light on a white screen. He then explained that the rays were of three types: alpha, beta and gamma rays. He then demonstrated the effect of these rays on a gold leaf, using the lantern.

He explained also by means of the lantern the power of radium to photograph itself on a photographic plate. The radium must be exposed to the plate for about thirty-six hours. He also explained the frequency and magnitude of the rays. The magnitude of the wave is very small, but the frequency is very high. The velocity of the three types of rays are different from each other. The gamma rays, which are light waves, travel at the same velocity as light. The alpha and beta rays have a velocity about 90 per cent. that of the gamma.

Mr. Cragg also described with considerable detail the work of M. and Mme. Pierre Curie. Mme. Curie was the first person to discover radium, and has been working with it ever since her discovery. At present she has five hundred kilograms of Canadian pitchblende. Mr. Cragg spoke thoroughly on the use of radium to cure cancer. He explained that cancer was caused by the quick growth of cells in trying to heal a wound. The radium, if introduced early, can cure cancer, provided the cancer is not in an internal organ. He stated that among African natives, Indians and Eskimos there was very little cancer, and it was his theory that cancer was more prevalent in people of a nervous disposition.

NOTICE RE UNDERGRAD DANCE

Applications for the holding of the Undergrad Dance will be received at the Students' Union office not later than 12:30 noon, Dec. 12, 1933.

INTER-YEAR PLAYS

The fourteenth annual Inter-year Play Competition will commence tonight at 8:15 sharp. These should be better this year than any of the previous years. Extra lighting equipment has been borrowed from the Little Theatre. The judges are Mrs. Aamodt, J. T. Jones and J. Adam. It is interesting to note that Mr. Jones originated the idea of inter-year plays in 1919 while a student at our University. Mrs. Carmichael will have charge of the music as usual.

Another interesting point is that the Freshmen have never won the trophy as yet. Such a thing cannot be from lack of talent. It must be that they are not used to the ways of the University. So, Freshmen and Freshettes, turn out "en masse" tonight and help your class.

Remember that there are lots of rush seats. You have heard about the nature of these plays through these columns before. All that remains is that you should see them tonight. Bring your girl friend, and a cushion.

ANNOUNCE PLAY WRITING CONTEST

Department of Extension Offers Substantial Prizes to Local Talent

The Department of Extension of the University of Alberta, through the generosity of the Carnegie Trust Fund, are pleased to announce the second annual Play Writing Competition. Three prizes will be awarded—a prize of \$125 will be awarded to the best three-act play submitted; a prize of \$75 is offered for the best one-act play; and a prize of \$50 for the second best play which may be chosen from either group. The judges of the competition will be announced at a later date.

The rules of the competition are as follows:

1. The competition is open to any resident of Alberta.
2. The play must be the original work of the competitor, and must not have been previously published or submitted.
3. The play may be in any number of scenes or acts, the playing time not to be less than 30 minutes and not to exceed 2½ hours.
4. We wish to leave the playwright as unhampered as possible by rules.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW"

The play "Counsellor-at-Law" by Elmer Rice, which was presented recently at the Talmud Torah Hall, will be repeated on Saturday evening, December 2, at 8:15. This repeat performance is given in response to the many requests received by the society.

This is the first production of the play ever given by an amateur company on this continent, and is skillfully produced by Theodore Cohen.

All seats are reserved. Tickets 75 cents. Tickets may be procured from the box office on the mezzanine of the Talmud Torah Hall, or by 'phoning 22270.

"O, hell, what have we here!" Thus quoth Shakespeare's character Morocco when he opened the wrong casket, in "The Merchant of Venice," and so failed to win the beautiful Portia. And thus also will our student body when they enter the sunless regions that the Junior class has prepared as a setting for the Junior Prom. Leering devils peer forth from around corners, a cauldron simmers fitfully, and one almost expects to hear the wailing of lost souls and the pattering of cloven hoofs from the depths of the murky atmosphere. But all joking aside, this WILL be a "hotcha" dance, and we prophesy that even the devils on the walls will be doing the Varsity Drag before the evening is over.

Many novelties are being featured. Among them is the taking of three flashlight pictures for the Evergreen and Gold. So—"Look pleasant, please!"

The purgatory of this affair is, of course, the purchasing of the tickets, and the dates set for this ordeal are as follows:

All day Monday—Paid-up Juniors.
Tuesday morning—Graduands and Faculty.
Tuesday afternoon—Seniors.
Wednesday morning—Sophomores.
Wednesday afternoon—Freshmen, and any unpaid Juniors who are optimistic enough to still expect a ticket.

NOTE: All men will kindly wear their faculty colors.

BIG SOPH PARTY

Will Sophomores desirous of having their pictures in the Year Book, please pay class fee of fifty cents at once to members of the executive, obviating the necessity for agonizing solicitation. We must hang together or we'll hang separately. Your affectionate President, Kent.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF?

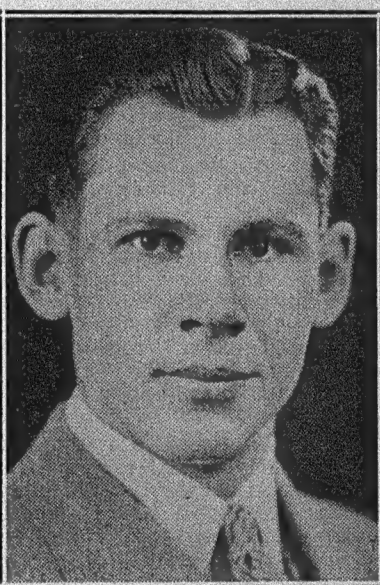
You may not be afraid of the big bad wolf, but you had better get your Year Book picture handed in soon!

The world of the undergraduate! He may remain at the University as long as he is able to retain 50 per cent. of the information so benevolently bestowed upon him, and reacts to that information with the normalcy of a moron. What he learns at University has interested no public, but much attention has been given to his morals. He sees 75 motion pictures a year, plays 200 hours' bridge, and spends 800 hours believing he is nobly in love! It takes an earthquake to move him from this delightful state of physical and mental lethargy. Sporadic fits of conscience may eventually drive him into having his Year Book picture taken, after prolonging the evil day to such an extent that the book has to make its debut at a later date than it would otherwise.

But the big bad wolves from the Year Book den send you fair warning! If, dear undergraduate, your Year Book picture is not taken and handed in by Dec. 10th, orders will be given to the various photographers to dig up one of your last year's prints, or maybe to be still more cruel, one of the year's previous. So if you are interested in seeing which of your pictures is going in Evergreen and Gold, please select it and place it in the Evergreen and Gold box in the basement of the Arts building (near the Post Office) right away. After Dec. 10th we will be forced to dig up old pictures, much as we dislike doing so. This rule will have the strict application to graduates, executives and clubs.

Whose afraid of the big bad wolf? Get that picture taken today, and bury him in pictures!

I Saw This Week



Harold Riley posing for his nice new photograph. He'll be mad because we put the old one in here, but we thought we would let you wait and see his new one in the Year Book.

Blimey Hutton at Tuck ordering fried egg and getting fried chicken.

Jack Lewis, our Junior President, acting like a Freshman.

Madelaine Austin acting like a Junior.

Ralph Collins absconding with enough money to buy a ticket to the Prom.

Don McLaws and Ollie Rostrup flirting with Mary Slattery.

Bummy Aiello giving his Gateway Yell.

Jay Burke & Co. "Seen" stuff."

300 Seniors voting in the Freshman election.

The Gateway—out at 4:30 last Friday—Believe it or not.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING

The Council meeting last Thursday passed off with the usual much-to-do-about-nothing. President Hugh Arnold was all aflutter over the theft of his two drinking glasses at the previous meeting, and demanded their return. However, the members soon settled down to the business of the meeting. The agenda had been well arranged by H. Arnold, and everything slipped along very nicely until the "Point System Act" came up for reconsideration.

Most of the students on the campus are entirely ignorant of this act. Its purpose is to limit the individual student from participating in too many functions, and to distribute the executive offices more evenly over the student body.

The present situation arose out of the fact that some students who had passed their point limit neglected to apply to the Council for an extension of points. What was to be done? Was some new machinery to be made to deal with them, or were they to be allowed to escape scot free? The Council divided itself into two hostile camps on the question, Miss M. Polley and Mr. Ted Hitchens supporting a policy of non-interference, while Mr. Gale headed the faction in favor of more drastic measures.

Things became more and involved as Ken Ives and Fred Gale shifted the debate to one on the relative advantages of rigid and flexible laws. Ken wound up his argument by stating that flexible laws are the best because—because they are the best!

At this juncture Ted Hitchens roused himself to say: "To my mind, the discussion is entirely irrelevant."

"It is not," interrupted Hugh Arnold.

"Then what do you propose to do about it?" demanded Ted.

"I don't propose anything."

"Then why not leave the act as it is now—the Council dealing separately with all applications for extension of points, and forcing applications by the threat of unseating the culprit?"

"Well, that is the conclusion we will most likely come to," reluctantly admitted Hugh, "but not for a while yet."

The discussion was finally brought to an end by the appointment of a committee to look into the matter and to submit a report at the next meeting.

It sounds foolish, doesn't it? But it really wasn't. Each member on the Council was extremely serious, and the question under consideration was one of vital moment to the University's student life.

As Mr. Arnold pointed out, the controversy had achieved its object. A weakness in the constitution had been revealed, and the Council was wholeheartedly attempting to find a solution for the difficulty.



THE GATEWAY

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A TRAVESTY OF AMERICAN JUSTICE

"A fine lesson to the whole nation," so Governor Rolph of California labels the lynching by San Jose citizens of two kidnappers, and at the same time pronounces the obsequies over the last vestige of the fundamental principle of fair trial for every person. A horrible crime was committed of a type that is altogether too prevalent in the United States, and with the confession of the two criminals, Californian citizens took the law into their own hands and meted out summary justice. No matter how guilty these men were, to allow a mob influenced by passion and hatred to judge and execute them is foreign to the ideas of law in every civilized country. It is an evil that should be stamped out and not lauded: Such a precedent is a danger to the organization of any state, for in future the people will feel that they are justified in executing untried criminals. Previously to now, public opinion has condemned men before a court has pronounced sentence, and in many cases such men have later been declared innocent by competent authorities. In Canada we have a body of rules enacted to give an accused a fair trial in the face of hostile public opinion. Most likely analogous rules are in force in the State of California, but apparently they see no need to enforce them. The action of the Governor of California is legally condoning murder. In future a man is to answer for his acts, not to a legally constructed tribunal, but to the worst elements in the population of a city. It is a horrible admission for the citizens of any country to make, that they must depend on criminal acts to secure safety and "comfort in their homes."

—D. M.

ON BOOKING DANCES

One of the most ridiculous and irritating features of social life at the University is that of booking dance programs weeks in advance of the event. It tends to kill any spirit of spontaneity that might otherwise be present in our rather stagnant formal. The practice has been abandoned in many of the older universities.

Unless a person begins to book his program at least a month before the date of the dance, he will probably find that it is well-nigh impossible to fill his program. As a consequence he will be discouraged from attending the affair, and the sponsors of the dance will lose a customer.

Those who do manage, by the dint of a considerable loss of time and energy, to fill a program, often find that their troubles, far from being over, have scarcely begun. Two or three friends claim a dance, some person may decide, because of some unforeseen circumstances that have cropped up, not to go, and as a result one's program and one's patience are ruined.

It would be much more fun, and far less work, if no dances were booked for exchange of partners until the dance itself. It would also tend to instill a little more "pep" into the lifeless dances that are our present formal affairs. More students, too, would be willing to attend the dance. So from the point of view of both the dance committee and those who attend, it would be a salutary step if the antiquated practice of booking in advance were stopped

"ON THE SPOT"

According to a Gateway editorial writer the granting of an Arts degree is just the comedy climax to four years of college humoring. Maybe so, but if this be true we've certainly had a pretty long joke played on us. True it is that we have never yet signed the B.A. after our name, but this lack of display is not because of shame at the thought, but because we've never had the time to look up Emily Post and see what are the proper occasions.

A professional degree is not an indication that the bearer is an educated man; it simply brands him as one who has fitted himself to the standard requirements of his profession. Outside of that field he may be a profoundly ignorant man, but he need feel no misgivings for that fact.

The attributes attached to an Arts degree are less easily defined because the courses taken prior to the granting of the degree are not intended as a "training," but as "general" education of a higher or more advanced character. These courses should in their result have such an influence upon the student in Arts as to enable him to be intelligent in a general way. That is all an Arts degree can do or can mean. It may inspire a student with such a love of a certain field of Arts that he pursues it to a higher degree, and, in so far as it does that, its value is all the more heightened.

The terror in the mind of the editorial writer is that an Arts degree is only general. But that is all it pretends to be. The real question is whether an Arts degree from the University of Alberta is generally

rated as a standard or better than standard Arts degree. We do not know, but we would certainly like to be informed by some competent authority. If it is not up to standard, it is not impossible to raise the standard. As a matter of fact, we have been under the impression that the standard has been gradually going up in the past few years.

One may ascertain "the price of innocence" at the Rialto this week for twenty-five cents, if one goes in the afternoon. However, one is informed by authorities and tradition that evening is the best time for such an endeavor. The decision, we would suggest, must lie with the individual. We strongly recommend that Taurus attend in the afternoon. And speaking of Taurus, we wonder what that ancient prospector will attempt to pan this week.

A new professional class has sprung up in the States, due to the depression. People are hired to give an appearance of activity to theatre foyers and bus terminals by bustling about them buying tickets, etc., in the hope of thus attracting custom. Such persons are called skills. We mention this as a matter of interest to various semi-defunct student organizations about the campus, which might find the idea a useful one.

One Way to Write Exams

A student in a logic examination at Marquette University ran out of material after writing three pages, and he wrote: "I don't think that you'll read this far, and just to prove it I'll tell you about the football game I saw yesterday." For another five pages the student described the game, and he was never called for it.



Serious Senior—Do you know where bad little Pembinites go?
Betty Black—Oh, yes; they go almost everywhere.

Mary Slatery—You may not believe it, but I said "No" to seven different men during the summer.
Nancy French—I don't doubt it. What were they selling?

Betty Cutler—I'm going overtown this afternoon.
Kay Colgrove—Shopping?
Betty—No, I won't have time. I just want to get some things I need.

Clare Malcolm, our fleet-footed Freshman, who wins all the hurdles and things, got a job as a shepherd this summer.

"Yes, sir," he panted the first night, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."
"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got."

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.
(Editor's Note—Malcolm is now taking Agriculture.)

Speaker—In time of trial what brings us the greatest comfort?

Jack Lewis (with conviction)—An acquittal!

Harold Riley is doing his best to put out the biggest, smartest, and daringly different thing in the way of a Year Book that this University has ever seen. If everybody helps by getting his picture in early, Riley may be able to break a long established precedent by getting the books out before the middle of the summer vacation. THIS IS NOT A JOKE! (This testimonial was unsolicited, and is not worth a cent.)

Noel Iles (who sells pianos)—See here, you're seven payments behind on your piano.

Ted Baker (who buys pianos for the moment, to fit in this joke)—Well, your company advertises, "Pay As You Play."

Noel (who tries to collect for pianos when he sells them)—What's that got to do with it?

Ted (who is a bit of a card when in the mood)—Well, I play very poorly.

Blimey Hutton—Did I leave an umbrella here yesterday?

Shopkeeper—What kind of an umbrella?

Blimey—Oh, any kind. I'm not fussy.

"Lewis Thomas left his umbrella again. I believe if his head were loose, he'd leave that somewhere."

"Yes, I heard him say today that he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

That completes our lost umbrella section for this week.

Molly Buchanan—What does this mean? There is a fly in the bottom of my cup.

Waiter—How do I know? I'm a waiter, not a fortune-teller.

once and for all. Or, if people simply must book, let them book on the day of the dance itself.

The students of the University are almost unanimous in crying out against this "damned nuisance" (as we have heard it repeatedly called), but as yet nothing has been done about it. We would suggest to future dance committees that, in order to promote "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," they withhold the list of dances and the programs until the day of the dance, and go on record as being definitely opposed to any booking before the event. Or in the alternative—that groups of students decide to go to the affair without having previously exchanged their dances.

—W. H. E.



Editor, The Gateway.

Mr. Ower didn't find any bloodstains on his little gun—and therefore C.O.T.C. is all right and shouldn't be abolished?

Well, so long as the physical training course in our gym (the "blue" hole of Calcutta) keeps up to its present standard, it should be compulsory for all to take these most beneficial exercises. Why, I can notice little muscles developing on my stomach already, Mr. Ower.

Now, I don't say that C.O.T.C. does any harm to anybody, but besides not being symbolic to world peace, it can't possibly be doing any one as much good as P.T. does; for instance, probably those of the former have to eat 100 per cent. bran and drink Kruschen salts for the prevention of the formation of bags under the eyes, as big as the ones in their breeches. Besides, half you fellows are taking the course because of the free pair of boots you get out of it—and avoiding a really beneficial course directed by one of the best of physical trainers. Why, the price you'd have to pay for the same course under the same excellent trainer overtown would buy plenty of boots.

Now, I'm sure Mr. Smith didn't accuse anybody of borrowing corpses from the "stiff lab" for bayonet practice; I think Mr. Smith simply means that you are being trained more or less for something like war, which, Mr. Smith means, isn't nice, that's all—even if it doesn't kindle glories of war in one.

Of course, Mr. Ower, I realize that the soles on your boots might, probably, last longer than the bumps on our stomachs; but consider the money we save in not buying 100 per cent. bran and Kruschen salts.

Furthermore, those limp, baggy uniforms hanging on you like tents (I am not disrespecting our Canadian uniform, but only observing the lack of coincidences between the sizes of it and the sizes of most of its Varsity owners) somewhat dissolves the solemn seriousness radiated by these stately walls of learning—but which is a point strongly in your favor, for it tends to reduce the starch of sophistication that gets into some people's necks, for there is too great a display of self-centred satisfaction behind horn-rimmed spectacles in this University, and there are too many hats that would even make mamma look older than she is being worn by young things. Both are superficial sophistication, crusher of University spirit—yet it is so thin a layer that the poorest of diplomats can cut through it.

—JOHN SOMEBODY.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—Why, oh why, does this weekly paper possess such a bizarre name, "Gateway"? Gateway to what? Gateway from what? The sound of the name as title to a University paper is as harmonious as chocolate bars with bologna sausage.

Many years ago, when I first learned how to read, I saw my first Gateway, but the name on it made me mistake it for some periodical of a Sunday school, Salvation Army, or Girl Guides—so I didn't read it.

Oh, can't something be done about it, unless Gateway is the name of the man who founded it. Call it anything—anything to quench that impression of some delicate, anaemic something created by the word "Gateway."

"SUFFERIN' SOPH."
P.S.—Will be Soph, at any rate, after Xmas if I'm still here.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I was somewhat amazed, but I think more amused, to read the front page splurge in last week's Gateway on the subject of the Senior class elections. That it appeared at all is surprising; but that it appeared on the front page, as though it were semi-official, is almost incredible.

I don't know who wrote it, since there is no signature attached; but whoever it is, I am almost willing to wager real money that he is not even a Senior—or that he bet on the wrong horse. In the lapse of more than a week since the elections I have not heard a single complaint from any of the numerous Seniors with whom I have come into contact. They appear to be quite satisfied that this year's executive is capable of ordering their affairs in an efficient manner, and of getting them graduated satisfactorily.

It should not be necessary to elucidate on election procedure. For the benefit of Mr. Probably-Not-a-Senior, may I remark that when he has been around here as long as some of us, he, too, may learn that all nomination forms, duly signed by the candidate and ten nominators, must be handed in to the Secretary of the Union, who checks up on them to make sure everything is shipshape and above-board. Why, then, the insinuation

without either of them realizing the fact.

Another NRA Triumph

It was reported in a newspaper recently that, somewhere in Europe, birth was given to septetlets. They are reported to be all alive and "kicking." This event, we are told, establishes a new record in medical annals.

Roosevelt has his NRA while Bennett seems to operate under an NAR (no advice required).

Two-thirds of the students at the University of Paris are Americans.—Daily Northwestern.

Wild ducks may be scarcer, but you don't miss the quacks in the air if you have a radio.—Daily Northwestern.

contained in the words, "the Seniors are going to hold an election among themselves," that the candidates were not the proclaimed choice of the Senior class?

It is true, the vote this year was surprisingly large; and on that account staid old Seniors stood about in front of the bulletin boards, studying the results intently, and both literally and figuratively patting themselves on the back because almost three hundred votes were cast. Many of us, friends—we are willing to admit it—and staunch supporters of the various candidates, made it a point to go out and round up other Seniors with the the time-worn cry, "It doesn't matter how you vote, but VOTE."

Several other statements in this small corner are rough, but the remark about "the green U.S. politician" is worthy of comment. There is no party system in use here, and therefore no organization which can profit by electioneering. Any misguided censure, therefore, falls on the individual; and this is not only unfair; it, to me—and to many other Seniors, I say without the slightest hesitancy—not good cricket. There is not one of our Senior class executive whom we Seniors are not ready to defend against all outsiders, even including you, Mr. Author-of-the-Gem-in-Question.

Yours truly,
FRANCES M. FISHER.

THEY DIDN'T EVEN SAY "DEAR"
Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—Upon reading your front-page article in your last issue, in regard to the recent Senior Class election, it was apparent to us that you either were trying to be funny or were laboring under a misapprehension. Assuming your article to mean what it said, we take serious exception to the insinuations contained therein, to the effect that the election was not run fairly. The mere fact that the members of Class '34 did not adopt the somnolent attitude of many classes in the past, but turned out en masse to vote, calls for no such comment as appeared in your paper.

There was an insinuation to the effect that numerous Freshmen and members of other than the Senior Class voted in this election. This is quite untrue. Had you cared, sir, to ascertain the facts, you would have found that out of 263 voters signing the list, there was no case of anyone but a bona fide Senior being given a vote. More than that, repeated checking of the lists revealed no case of a person voting more than once.

Your statement to the effect that the Senior Class members should get together and elect a president of their own we regarded as absolutely uncalled for, and little short of libellous. The Senior Class, sir, DID get together—on November 22—and elected a president and an executive of its very own. We can see no case in which there can be any just grounds for criticism of the way in which the election was conducted.

We describe your charges as utterly lacking in foundation and as most injurious to absolutely innocent parties. We await explanation of their publication.

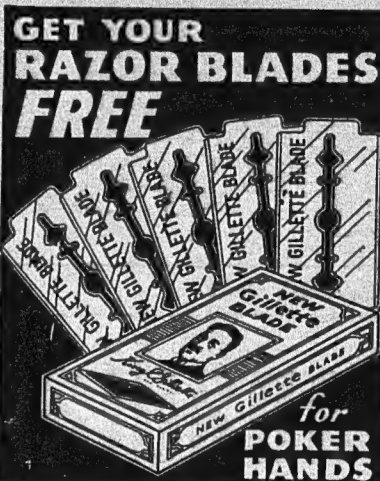
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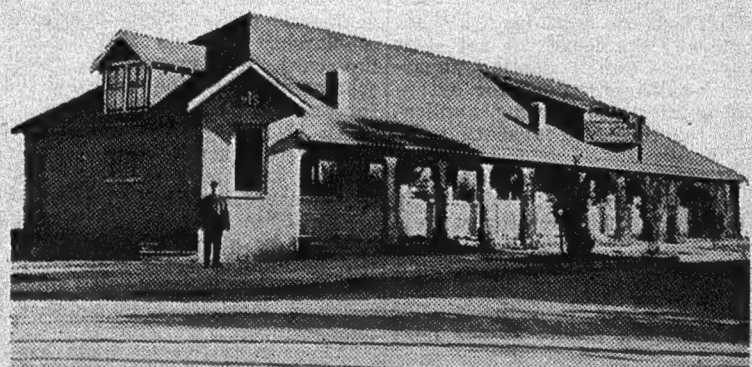
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CO-ED COLUMNS

Night Wind

A wind chased a wind
Up over a deep rut in a muddy road;
Up over tall yellow-brown grasses;
Up over black earth, drenched with rain.
A wind chased a wind
Out over smooth fields and naked trees;
Up through a rift in bed of silver clouds;
Far down the Milky Lane.

—D. B. L.

Necking Rights Abolished

Do you know what NRA stands for at Illinois? You don't? Well, it means "Necking Rights Abolished," at least that's what Wesleyan students believe.

In line with the recovery act, the "eds" and "co-eds" go on fewer hours a week, at the command of college officials—and the students don't like it.

Some of the new rules are:
Fifteen minutes' conversation between a male and a female student shall constitute a "date hour."

Black marks will be given co-eds "who spend more than a reasonable time in an automobile before disembarking, or entertain a caller in a room where there is no light, or recline in the presence of callers."—Golden Gater.

Don't Wring 'Em Too Hard

"Laundrymen To Take Women Out of the Washub."—Headlines in the Chattanooga News.

An instructor in psychology at Cornell is determined to know the literal meaning of "horse sense." Forty-five students are going to college in order to exhibit their intelligence and uphold the reputation of fellow horses the world over. They are given a series of tests which disclose memory, observation and color sense.

Harvard introduced football into American colleges and was the first college to play the game as it is now played.

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TO A SENIOR STUDENT

In Reply to Your Letter in Last
Week's Gateway

My lad, we fear you pace the floor in rage,
And with contemptuous gesture cast aside this page.
First let me say in the co-eds' defence

We rather fear you're lacking common-sense.

We read your disapproval with amused distaste,

We fear you've wallowed in a sentimental waste.

Though you protest that Beerbohm is your diet,

Wampole might be better, if you'd only try it.

You mock us that the columns are blasé,

Mugwump indeed! The subtleties have gone astray.

So every gentle jibe and kind suggestion

Has filled you, dear, with nought but indignation.

You know, all girls are deeply versed in art cosmetic,

And to the rites of cookerie, they're apathetic.

The moral flag we wave is only faintly pink,

Our good advice is but confined to ink.

My greenest Ivy, though a vine you wish to be,

In haste, pray let us warn you, we are not a tree.

So if by fripperies and foolish notions

And obviously false emotions

You try to drive us into sweet submission

We'll cheerfully consign you to perdition.

You ask for liberty—the cry of every slave—

In truth, we have not yours to save.

Or as for love! It proves that you will print

What, personally, you dare not even hint,

But ease your own romantic inhibitions

In fairly clever literary exhibitions.

For your attention, thanks, misunderstood of men,

Now we, in hasty anguish, put away our pen.

—A CO-ED COLUMNIST.

"WHERE THERE'S SMOKE—"

One of the most obnoxious characteristics of the modern co-ed is her cultivation of the ancient and honorable art of "chiselling."

How many girls on this campus are completely outfitted with their own cigarettes, matches and compacts? Everywhere we go we are greeted with the words,

"Have you got a cigarette?" No matter how attractive a girl may be, the constant repetition of this remark will make her unpopular.

The girl who prefaces her evening with the words, "I smoke like a furnace" and then proceeds to ask for cigarettes, signs her own doom.

No more endearing is the incessant "Have you got a match?" While it is not a habit as expensive for others as that of begging cigarettes, it easily becomes very irritating.

The girl who thinks it smart to smoke from ten to twenty cigarettes per day without providing matches rapidly develops the one-sentence conversation listed above.

Completely aside from this angle is the fact that it is not smart to be seen constantly lighting a cigarette.

The girl who thinks this gives an atmosphere of sophistication is sadly mistaken. Smoking in moderation is permissible, but smoking in excess is ridiculous.—The Manitoban.

REBUTTAL

In last week's Gateway we received an amusing letter. How any one man could possibly disapprove of so many things in one epistle is a problem worthy of at least a trained psychiatrist. If it hadn't been for Mr. Iles' roseate remarks of the week before, these scathing gibes would have "got us down" into the nethermost depths of self-despisal. However, as all true journalists know, it's a sure sign of success to receive scurrilous letters.

We also rather fancy ourselves as a school for would-be "litteraires." The tone, the light feminine touch, the "sophisticated" rhythm of our correspondent's remarks, were all strongly reminiscent of our own columns. He is indeed an apt pupil. Probably we could give him a job censoring all our moral precepts, or looking up grandmother's recipe for gingerbread, or even finding out what kind of astrigint Susan should use for enlarged pores. We could "give him liberty" to read all about nudist colonies, and collect autographed prints of Lilian Harvey or even to write an elaborate thesis on the psychology of the Mae West trend in fashions.

We can't give him love though. We abide in the "superintellectualised" atmosphere of The Gateway office; we have discarded romance, we eat dill pickles, we ape the "puerility" of men, in short, we lack the inertia and unsophistication necessary to supply him with a soul mate. (Now, I ask you—should a "mugwump" have a soul mate?)

In conclusion, may we advise you, Sir Senior, to examine our files for the issue of February 3, 1933, in which Co-ed columns were instituted. It may be to your interest to read our first editorial, in which we attempted to outline the purpose of such a page. It is not a "Woman's Page" in which we give advice to the lovelorn, nor remedies for those various female foibles which seem to irritate you. Co-ed Columns was primarily started to encourage the women on the campus to take a more active part in Gateway work and to coagulate the different contributions into a definite whole. Since its conception, there have been more co-ed journalistic attempts than ever before in the history of The Gateway. In so far as it has fulfilled this aim, we feel it has been completely successful. Every week we have run at least one article—book review or otherwise—on the "literary" and "aesthetic." We are admittedly not artists—only mere apprentices, but we worship at the same shrine as the great. We don't feel we "babble" unnecessarily, and our sole aim is not to give man an inferiority complex by our "hen-pecking." God forbid such a fruitless task!

By now, our correspondent has probably sunk into his former state of lethargy—not to be aroused until the next equinox. However, we'd wager a whole bottle of olives that he simply devours Co-ed Columns every week.

TWENTY YEARS a-GROWING

"Twenty years a-growing, twenty years prime, twenty years stooping, twenty years declining."

"This," said Maurice O'Sullivan's grandfather, "is the life of a man."

In "Twenty Years a-Growing," Maurice O'Sullivan describes his youth. Those who are glad just to be alive and can derive pleasure from little things, would fully enjoy this autobiography.

Written by a young Irish peasant for his own pleasure, it abounds in colloquialisms and wit. These have not, of course, their full significance for us, and must lose some of their force in translation. But even at that, you feel on completing the book as if you had spent a very delightful sojourn in a strange land.

Most of the scene of the book is laid on the Great Blasket, an island which is five miles long and approximately half a mile wide, off the south coast of Ireland. Its people live very simply. Their main livelihood is fishing—lobster in summer and mackerel in winter—and their desire for pleasure is very easily satisfied. Tobacco seems to be their most expensive luxury, and most of their good times are found in neighborly gatherings, where they sing, dance and exchange interesting yarns.

The author gives what would seem to be a very complete picture of their existence through his numerous tales about the every-day experiences of life—a wake for the dead, a wedding, the Ventry races, school days, hunting and fishing expeditions. His wealth of similes, metaphors and tales of Irish folk lore hold the reader quite enthralled.

The inhabitants of Great Blasket speak very little English, and when during the war many shipwrecked sailors were washed up on their shores, the Islanders were as much at sea in trying to talk to them as they would have been had their visitors been African natives.

As the young folks grow up many are filled with the desire to go to America, and leave in search of new fortunes. The author, however, is finally persuaded to go to Dublin instead, and never having travelled on a train before, he has quite a disturbing trip.

After two years in the Civic Guards at Dublin, he goes home for a visit and finds the place just as he left it. He goes back into the house and—"My father and grandfather were sitting on either side of the fire—my grandfather smoking his old pipe." And here the book ends as simply as it began.

—G. M. R.

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

Advance competition in the form of an exhibition tilt between the Eskimos and Varsity basketballers took place at the latter's gym Tuesday night. Though Varsity was blanketed by a score of 50-28 in favor of the Eskis, we still hope that next Tuesday's game will go considerably better.

The paralysis that seized the Green and Gold players, partly because it was their first game of the season, should be conspicuously absent. Then with more practice this week they should feel confident enough to play the Eskis a real game the next time.

The Eskis jumped into an early, though not decisive, lead, the tally at the end of the first period being 8-5. Irene Barnett was the spearhead of several Varsity attacks, scoring 16 of her team's points. Amy Cogswell was responsible for some fast footwork on the floor, and 8 baskets go to her credit. Marg Sutton and Helen Ford each contributed 2 points each.

Mary Melynk, Boness, Erickson and Wynnychuck carried the scoring end of the Esk game.

On Tuesday, Dec. 5 next, at 7 o'clock, the Green squad play again in the gym in further preparation for provincial league games with the Eskimos, Muttarts and Gradettes.

According to the newly-made schedule drawn up in the Edmonton Basketball League, headed by Dr. C. B. Willis, the Varsity Intermediates, our "white" squad, figure in an initial game next Monday, Dec. 4th.

Their opponents are the redoubtable Comets. Others entered in the city senior "A" division are the Junior Eskimos.

The schedule as proposed for the first part of the year runs as follows:

Comets at Varsity—Monday, Dec. 4th.

Eskis at Varsity—Monday, Dec. 11th.

Eskis at Varsity—Wednesday, Dec. 27th.

Comets at Varsity—Wednesday, Jan. 3.

At the executive meeting the managers in the league decided that teams:

(1) Could make an unlimited number of substitutions per player in a game.

(2) Could have as many as ten players out per game.

(3) Need have no specified membership, i.e., could use any available players for games.

And now we have House League! A regular schedule of games for the E. Bakewell Trophy starts this Thursday at 7 o'clock, when the Arrows will meet a Pembinit team.

Playing rules are tightened up here:

(1) Teams must have a definite team membership, not exceeding eight players.

(2) A team must have a full turnout or default their game.

A win will constitute 2 points, a tie 1 point.

In the event of a tie at the end of a season, two games will be played, the total score to count to determine the winner.

All playoffs, exhibition games, etc., are to be finished by the last week in February.

The Arrows will figure in an exhibition game next Thursday, Dec. 7, with an overtime team, instead of on Tuesday night, as had been hitherto planned, on account of the Esk-Varsity tilt which takes place instead.

King Neptune's royal sport has so far been sadly neglected by co-eds. We need more mermaids! It doesn't matter whether you swim or not. Get in and try. Coaching and instruction in swimming and diving begin any time you ask for it. One of the Crockett's will be secured as coach for the coming year.

Kay Swallow, a veteran of many seasons, will not be with us this year, perhaps! Perhaps some energetic Freshettes can supply a few vigorous splashes!

SUNDAY PARADE!

By L.A.W.

Sunday morning! A clear sky laughs down at a campus flooded with sunlight. Twinkling windows and gayly-colored roofs make a fairy town of the city across the hazy Saskatchewan valley. From the residences, torch songs and lilting whistles float out on the air, heads pop in and out of windows, and Pembina watches the Sunday parade.

Professors, proudly taking their offspring for early morning strolls, or, with their wives, striding briskly over the crisp grass; noisy children turning handsprings and cartwheels; dogs chasing back and forth on mysterious business of their own, all make a bright-hued pattern of activity. Religiously-minded Pembinites on the way to church come next; then a riotous group of hikers, with knapsacks and bundles, call laughing good-byes up at the windows as they strike off towards White Mud. Some playful Athabaska residents stage a wrestling bout on the campus, which hilarity is heightened when a modern Sir Walter hoists his beloved over a muddy patch in the path.

Then a camera sleuth hunting for Year Book material inveigles a bevy of coyly giggling co-eds to pose for him.

Last of all comes the lazy stream of stragglers, heading for Tuck and breakfast. Meds and Engineers, with that "morning-after" expression, hollow-eyed and pale, amble disconsolately by. Sleepy Pembinites hobble on house-dance mangled feet.

Life, as seen from a Pembina window of a Sunday morning, is certainly a varied and amusing affair!

A three-year Sunday school attendance sentence follows for those Colorado University students who are caught drinking.

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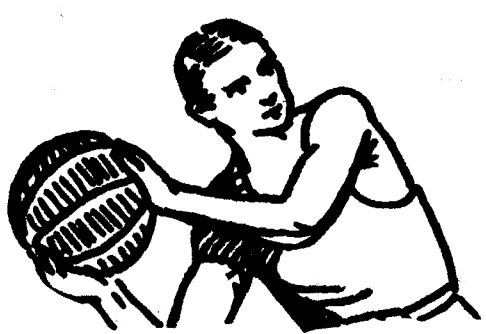
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REGULAR INTERCOLLEGIATE COMPETITION PLANNED

Basketball Squad Ready For Prospective Season

IN SHAPE FOR EXHIBITION GAME SATURDAY

The 1933-34 Arn Henderson coached Bronzed Bruins are confident. To interprovincial basketball follows the name of Henderson carried with it, as did "Red" Grange and Knute Rockne to American rugby, the vote of outstanding players and grand maestro coaching. Drawing from years of experience in fast senior company—including teams which have been Dominion finalists and Dominion champions—along with an intimate knowledge of the game from its most basic fundamentals to its finest points, and a deep understanding of human nature, Henderson has moulded together veterans and cubs into THE TEAM. With seven vacancies to fill out of ten—a 70 per cent. loss—Henderson, using a veteran nucleus of Bob Anderson, forward, Vi Woods and Hal Richard, guards, has collected an impressive, smooth-working aggregation. The quality and ability to produce when under fire of the veterans is known and respected. Among the new members, there's Clare Malcolm, a seasoned player, who starred at centre with last year's classy Calgary Moose Domers. Stepping smartly along, of last year's intermediates, "Ole" Rostrop, "Jawn" Shipley and Ken Smith are giving a good account of themselves in practices. Dick Shillington, of Calgary, and Freddy Kiewel, of Prince Albert, are showing promise. This will make the first year in senior company for the last five players, but to watch them fill in as forwards and guards you would be led to disbelieve that fact.

Games in the provincial series will be played with Calgary Moose Domers, Lethbridge Aces (with whom Addie Donaldson and Mert Keel of last year's team now play), and Raymond Union Jacks, last year's provincial champions. Negotiations are now under way to form a senior team in Edmonton to provide needed opposition as seasoning for the Bears. Instrumental in the forming of this team is Hop Wilkie, late of the New Westminster Adanacs (former Dominion champions). Known as one of the best forwards in the game, Hop just couldn't stay away, and as assistant coach is passing on real tips to the boys.

Working hard, trying to lower the colors of the seniors, are the inter-

mediates. With a real schedule to face after Xmas in the City Intermediate Basketball League, this team, benefitting by their practices against the seniors and the coaching of Henderson and its own mentor, Hop Wilkie, is looking forward to bringing the city championship back to Varsity again.

Art Kramer, last year's captain, Bernie Killick, defence man on the championship team of two years ago, Jay Burke, Jack Graham and Jim Cherrington of last year's team form the "old guard" of the 1933-34 edition. Nor in experience limited to the "old guard." Gordon Wilson of last year's Flying Fools, Ted Graham from Red Deer, Guy Morton forward passing with a basketball, Charlie Woodcock and Joe Muscovitch from Lethbridge, Jack Thomas, late of Medicine Hat (Tonic Lid), Walt Atkin and Bob Cruickshanks bring with them the knowledge of which end of the floor is which and the "how" of the game.

But come down to the upper gym any practise night and form your own conclusions—show an interest in the team. Ninety-nine per cent. of you students do not realize that you have a real team representing you. Snap out of it; get to know the teams, form your own opinions, and if you think I'm a pessimist, I'll be happy. By the way, that quiet, semi-studious individual who seems to watch over all with a paternal eye—that is "Uncle" John Durno—on his first bookkeeping job when not playing wet nurse to a sprained ankle or thumb.

SENIORS TO PLAY HORNETS SATURDAY

Exhibition Game Only

On Saturday evening of this week the Senior Varsity basketball team is going to play the first exhibition game of the season with the Y.M.C.A. Hornets. The Hornets are the leading team in the Edmonton league this year, and should provide fine opposition for the team.

This is the first chance we will have of seeing our new senior team in action this year, and so everybody should be out.

There will be no charge, and the game begins at 7 p.m. sharp, in the upper gym.

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SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

The following choice excerpt appeared in the "Alberta Weekly" column of the Edmonton Journal as garnered from the Hanna Herald:

"International Crime?"

From the Hanna Herald

The Alberta University rugby team was christened the Golden Bears on its recent visit to Vancouver. What a romantic and euphonious name! But why plagiarize the United States? A California university team has been called the Golden Bears for years. The Alberta centre of learning apparently lifted the name bodily. Surely with all the erudition around the main institution of learning in this province there is someone who can think out an original name!

In this regard it is also interesting to recall that a farm weekly called the "Family HERALD" came out of Montreal before Hanna was even heard of. Surely an editor of a country weekly with nothing more to do than criticize the names of university athletic teams, might be better employed thinking up an original name for his own paper (we could suggest several).

However, let us dip into the past (as the author of the above would be well advised to do in future) and see where the name "Golden Bears" really did come from. When the rugby team went to Manitoba three years ago it was discovered (no doubt by Manitoba's equivalent of the "Herald") that all four western universities had christened their teams "Varsity." In order to eliminate the obvious embarrassment cheering squads were wont to encounter, the team was renamed by the Manitobans, and has since been called the "Golden Bears."

When our rugby team comes up to a part with California's "Golden Bears" a new name will doubtless be coined to eliminate possible confusion, but in the meantime the present name will stick, the "Hanna Herald" notwithstanding.

ARTS BEATEN BY MED-DENTS 23-15

The Med-Dent interfac basketball team added another game to its collection when it downed the Arts quintet 23-15 in the Varsity gym on Monday night.

With most of the scoring being confined to the first half, the game developed into a duel between Lees of the Meds and Cruickshanks of the Arts, with the former winning by scoring 15 points to his rival's 12. However, the spotlight was almost hogged by Sid Spanner when he missed 7 free throws in a row.

It is deemed worthy of considerable note that while the credit of winning must apparently go to the Meds, their team was made up of two medical students and the rest players that the Arts were generous enough to supply. If the Arts had been more careful in whom they loaned to the enemy, the result might have been considerably different. It might be advisable for the Meds to make an effort to obtain a full team for future games.

Lineups:
Arts—Cruickshanks (12), Brown, Kunelius, Collins (1), Madden, Tompkins (2).

Med-Dents — Lees (15), Spanner (6), Crosby, Donovan, Cummings. Referee—Moscovitch.

Women's Swimming

By M. M.

Perhaps you don't know it, but last Friday night the members of the Ladies' Swimming Club started the season's activities by splashing all over the Y.W.C.A. pool.

Both of the girls were present. The rest of the "first nighters" were conspicuously absent, but it could not be determined whether their absence was to be blamed on the inclemency of the weather or only the fact that they had unwittingly already had their bath that day. Even the "interested" masculine sex was nowhere to be seen.

Some of last year's swimmers are with us again, among them being Kay Swallow, Evelyn and Irene Barnett, Betty Ford and Ruth Freeman. We hear that Flora Williams and Hazel Wilkinson are turning out this year. More material such as these girls is all that is needed to make this a successful year for the club.

Plans are going forward to interest the University of Saskatchewan in an intercollegiate meet. A strong team is needed, and all girls who have no absolute abhorrence of water are urged to join. An excellent coach both for swimming and diving will be in attendance. Just think, that for the sum of one dollar and a half you can improve your stroke so much so that next summer you will be in the swim with the best of them.

Come on, pay your fees, and let's get into the swim!

MED-DENTS CHALK UP THIRD VICTORY

Beat P-C-L 35-13, Lees Gaining 23 Points

Last night, in their third game, the Sawbones swamped the Pansy, Cauliflower and Lily combination for their third decisive win of the fall schedule. Ormsby started his team on the way to victory in the early moments of the game with a beautiful basket. He was immediately followed by Lees, who dropped in a couple within a half-minute.

McBean opened the scoring for the P-C-L with a well earned basket. The lack of finish on the part of the losers soon became apparent, as the Sawtooths continued to forge ahead. Hayson pulled off the most spectacular job of the evening, bulging the hemp with an impressive long shot from centre-ice.

At half-time the P-C-L were on the short end of a 16-6 count, and although they struggled manfully during the second stanza, they never threatened the would-be doctors.

The boys displayed plenty of energy in spots. Some of it was misplaced, however, the P-C-L drawing five penalties, while the Med-Dents sneaked through with only three.

For the winners, Lees was the class of the floor, accounting for 23 out of his team's total of 35. He was ably assisted by Ormsby, who accumulated 10 points. Morton played well and figured for their other tally. Cook, on defense, turned in a good performance, although he didn't get into the scoring.

For the losers, McBean handed out the best exhibition, revealing enough energy for any two ordinary members of the genus, "homo sapiens." McFadden, with five points, was high man for the P-C-L. Anderson also displayed spots of vigor. With a little more system, the P-C-L may be heard from in a more emphatic manner before the winter comes again.

The Med-Dents tried 48 shots, while the P-C-L touched the backboard 34 times. Out of the even dozen penalty shots granted, only two were realized.

How about a few more of "youse mugs" turning out to these games? They are worth watching, and the boys would like to see a respectable sprinkling in the balcony. How about it? Next game, Monday, 8:00 p.m.

Lineups:
P-C-L—McBean (2), Sayers, Anderson (2), Shoot, Hayson (2), Higgs, Bailey (2), Woodruff, McFadden (5). Penalties: Sayers 1, Anderson 3, McFadden 1.

Med-Dents — Ormsby (10), Lees (23), Cook, Morton (2), Smith, Balfour. Penalties: Lees 1, Morton 1, Balfour 1.

Officials—Woodcock and Muscovitch.

Timekeeper—Art Kramer.

I can't robot—canoe? — Daily Northwestern.

Important Conference to Be Held During Holidays

Athletic Banquet Set for January 20th—Open to Student Body

AGS WHIP SCIENCE FOR FIRST COUNTER

Nose Out a 21-19 Victory for First Win of the Season

The Aggies, under the leadership of Red Davidson, gained a close decision over the Engineers for their first win of the season on Thursday night, when they emerged victorious from a 19 to 21 count. The chief feature of the game was the rugby season hang-over, you know—"you hang over my neck and I'll hang over yours." Despite these tactics, Woodcocks and Graham made a very nice job of the refereeing. The Engineers were the worst offenders, having only six personal fouls called against them for a total of one point out of three attempts. The Ags had only three persons called on them, the Engineers scoring once.

Keith was the outstanding scorer for the Engineers, gaining eight points. Parsons worked hard, though in a less spectacular manner, in adding the same amount to the Engineers' quota.

McFadden, on the losers bench, was the high scorer for the game, dropping six baskets for twelve points. Davidson covered a lot of territory looking after his chickens, but managed to chalk up six points en route. Rodbourne had tough luck or something in handling the free throws. A little more practice might help a lot. Hall broke even on his night's work, scoring the only free throw that clicked for the Aggies, also having the doubtful honor of having a penalty scored against him.

The Aggies looked good, and if their combination improves, may go far. If the Science had more players turn out they might come close to the finals. One substitute isn't enough against a fast-moving team.

This was the first win for the Ags in three starts, while it was the first loss for the Engineers in their two games.

Lineups:
Ags — Davidson (6), Rodbourne, McFadden (12), Pekae (7), Graham, Skaptason, Hall (1).
Engineers — Parsons (8), Keith (8), Speedie, Campbell, Ford (2).
Officials — Woodcocks, Graham, Facey.

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CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

By H. W. J.

I choose as my topic—Man. Man in the gossling stage, in fact, man as he manifests himself in our provincial university.

This subject, no doubt, could be uninteresting, and no doubt is intrinsically uninteresting, if it were not for one characteristic of human beings—curiosity about what other people think of them, and curiosity about what other people think of persons they know, closely or distantly, as the case may be. Direct your attention to Walter Winchell's success and its support—gossip. Look at the society page of any newspaper, and bear in mind that it is there because of the pull that personalities exert on the human mind. In short, human interest will put any kind of a story over. So here goes.

I am going to hold a cautious mirror up to certain students, and will ask you to gaze into it discreetly—now, for goodness sake, don't insist on seeing only your own face in it!

Let us walk out into the Arts rotunda at 10:25 a.m. The hall is now packed with a dense crowd of students. They are moving in all directions, and a loud babble of voices resounds from the ceilings. Along the outskirts of the crowd are gathered various knots of students, who apparently have things in common. If we may be pardoned, we will eavesdrop on a group not so very far from us.

Here a handsome, self-possessed gentleman is the centre of the stage. With facile sentences and easy gestures, and a charming smile, he succeeds in putting himself over as a consummate wit and anecdote teller. Occasionally he pauses and listens to a remark, and gives flattering attention to the observations of the speaker. Then he is off on another story.

One of the interjectors is a well-built student, rather slow-spoken, and having the faculty of building up a suspense for the climax of his humorous and quaint remarks. He has a flair for putting people in his presence at ease.

A third person of the group is of the tense, explosively energetic type. He speaks in quick, enthusiastically uttered sentences. He seems to have a flair for getting things done. He is often content to listen to others talk without thrusting himself into the limelight.

As this finishes our examination of the group, let us go over and visit another coterie.

A tall, lanky youth, holding a black-bound loose-leaf book of lecture notes, is holding forth. His talk is of parties and fraternities and exclusive affairs. So we creep away ashamedly. However, we carry away a pleasant memory of his engaging smile.

A ring of five students next draw our eyes, and so we amble over. A quiet spoken man is speaking at the time, while respectful eyes and ears give unstinted attention. He is talking about Students' Union business affairs. He is a well-known figure

SEEMIN' STUFF

The most exclusive non-union club to be formed on the campus to date is the Seem' Stuff Club or sumpin'. Officials only comprise the membership, and to date these are:

President—Jay Burke, appointed by Fred Gale.

Vice-President—Bob Scott, appointed by Bob Scott.

Secretary—Fred Gale, appointed by the President.

Treasurer—Jack Ford, appointed by the Executive.

Window Dresser—Ralph Lee, elected by acclamation.

Chaplain—Ted Bishop, part time member.

Committee on Affairs—Guy Kinneer, appointed no one knows how.

There is a slight possibility that hilariously Happy Handsome Half-mast Harry Prevey, upon payment of dues may be admitted to the executive, in view of his wide executive experience.

This club proposes to report the goings-on between Arts and Med, between Arts and Tuck, and between boys and girls.

Window Dresser Lee has done his best to let everyone know where we are located.

We'll be seemin' YOU—be careful!

on the campus, and combines the virtues of reliability, earnestness, taciturnity, capacity for responsibility and hard work.

Another member of the group of medium height is quickly noted as he happens to be a campus personage. At present he is listening sympathetically, occasionally nodding, as he smiles briefly. He seems to be naturally grave and serious, not a particularly good mixer, but all the same possessed of a warm, generous nature, which shows through his characteristic reserve.

Suddenly a tall student strides by, dispensing nods and smiles impartially among friends and acquaintances. He at length pauses to exchange a few wisecracks with a man at the end of the hall, then bounces out of sight up the stairs. Our impression from watching him is that he is bound somewhere, and considers he has no time to waste. Owing to his infrequent appearances in the halls, this gentleman is to be regarded in the light of a rare specimen, and consequently worth knowing. Like royalty he makes his entrances on occasions of pomp and ceremony only, and like royalty always does the right thing. Accordingly, the students feel that he is a fine fellow and a man with a future. What more can I say?

At this moment we espy a thin, lanky youth standing alone inside the door of the Men's Common Room. He is smoking meditatively, and gazes unseeing across the rotunda. He wears an intriguing look of dissatisfaction and ironical humor, as indicated by his mouth. We must confess that we have much respect for this man, having heard him speak mordantly several times.

The corridor by this time is pretty well cleared, and this enables us to hear two voices raised in heated argument. Investigation reveals two law students, both elegantly dressed, testing their acquired dexterity and finesse of moving appeal on one another. The topic seems to be Hitler's Germany, and icy statement and pseudo-courteous rebuttal travel back and forth, as they mentally compare their comportment with models they have seen in the courtrooms over-town. As a matter of fact, they are each presenting a marvellous case.

As the 10:30 bell is ringing, I will end this pilgrimage of personages, as I have to attend a lecture in Eavesdropping 65.

Now, don't you think I've been remarkably forbearing. I have not made a single devastating criticism. All the more reason for looking for your portrait in this gallery!

The North American Newspaper Alliance disclosed that a pet hobby of our former President Hoover is to work on his collection of cartoons of himself, which number approximately 20,000.

THE BRITISH GUILD PLAYERS

A CRITIQUE

D. R.

The British Guild Players made a happy choice when they selected Edwin Burke's play, "This Thing Called Love" for their opening performance in Edmonton. The play is a light drawing-room comedy with a gentle satire running through it.

The theme is modern and cleverly portrayed. We are introduced to a squabbling, quarreling married couple who are actually in love with each other, but due to petty jealousies cannot get along. The wife's sister, Ann Marvin, who has proved unsuccessful in the management of a tea room, enters into marriage with a successful business man, Tice Collins, in a business basis. She contends that love is the cause of unsuccessful married life. With this belief she hires herself out at a set salary per month to act as wife to Tice Collins. Collins is a self-made man, whose life up to this point has been

purely that of the systematic business type, and naively unacquainted with the social side. They go through the legal form of marriage to justify themselves in the eyes of the public, but with the bargain that Ann is to perform merely the domestic duties of a wife, for which she is paid a salary, and each is to be perfectly free to lead their lives as they see fit. They at once find "sweethearts"

(Continued on Page Six)

Pigskin Doggerel

We came across this article in the December issue of the Reader's Digest. We are taking the liberty to reprint part of it in The Gateway just as a warning against similar inanities that might possibly crop up in regard to the Varsity song for which a prize is now being offered. We feel a somewhat higher standard than this will be maintained in the songs of this our University. Here is the article:

"After hearing the songs at football games, one concludes that when the football spirit seizes a collegiate bard, the Humane Letters, the amenities of life, the principles of parody, and his own mother wits dart out of the window. Witness the result in Yale's 'Boola,' mere sound repeated with an almost imbecile persistence:

Well, a Boola boo, Well a Boola boo, Well a Boola Boola Boola boo! Boola! Boola! Boola! Boola! Boola! Boola! Boola! Boola! etc.

Without such precedent would the students of California Christian College indulge themselves in their Oompah song, which runs:

Oompah, Oompah, Oompah, Oompah, Oompah, Oompah, Oompah, Oompah, Killie, Killie, Killie, Killie, Wash, Wash, Wash, Wash, Hy-ho, ki-yo, ki-yah, Killie, Killie, Killie, Killie, Wash, Wash, Wash, Wash, Hy-ho, ki-yo, ki-yah, Hail, oh hail, C.C.C. Oh hail, Oh hail, old C.C.C.

Or would undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania be quite satisfied with this inspiring song?

Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea.

She's my Annie, I'm her Joe, So listen to my tale of (Spoken) Whoa! Any ice today, lady? No! Get up!

Chorus.

Pennsyl, Pennsil, Pennsylvania, Pennsil, Pennsil, Pennsylvania, Pennsil, Pennsil, Pennsylvania, Oh! Pennsylvania.

Let us pass by many similar grievous efforts and consider the painful subject of animal imitations:

Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, Hear the tiger roar Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, etc.

may not have been the first jungle cry in football literature, but this Princeton call undoubtedly exerted an enduring and, on the whole, pernicious influence among the Lions, the Tigers, the Cougars, the Panthers, the Wolves, the Wildcats, the Bears and the Horned Frogs, to name but a few of the beasts of prey by which teams are known and in the Growls and Garrumphs of which their poets have found heaven-sent opportunities.

"Fight Songs," which urge players to smash, bash, crash, bite 'em, and eat 'em, are almost universal, but it took the University of Iowa to carry this song to its logical conclusions:

Iowa fights for the strength of our nation,

Iowa fights with the brave and the true,

Iowa fights for this great University,

Iowa fights for her sons and daughters, too,

Iowa fights when the wrong is prevailing,

Iowa fights when she must preserve her rights,

And when we hear the call,

We will answer, one and all,

IOWA FIGHTS! IOWA FIGHTS!

IOWA FIGHTS!

Now we are not advocating hymns or Browning poems to instill the good old collegiate spirit into us at rugby games, but we hope for songs a little more sensible than those set forth here. Perhaps the last example is not as bad as the rest, but repetition does get tiresome when carried to the nth degree.

Epigrams of the Engineer

In science, opinions are tolerated only when facts are lacking.

A problem thoroughly understood is always fairly simple.

Good enough is an enemy of the best.

There is no substitute for truth.

A man must have a certain amount of intelligent ignorance to get anywhere with progressive things.

Engineering is a combination of brains and material. The more brains, the less material.

Engineering must partake as much of economic horse-sense as it does of scientific principles.

No one would have crossed the ocean if he could have left the ship in the storm.

The most obvious thing in the world is the most obscure.—From General Motors Building, Century of Progress Exhibition.

—N. W. N.

DILETTANTE

ARMISTICE DAY

A short time ago a feature appeared in The Gateway entitled, "Pop-pies." It was followed by a letter of wildly wordy rebuke. The feature possessed a very true and important contention, which was replied to with a lot of sound and fury signifying nothing.

For milleniums we have been showered with more than an ample sufficiency of fine eulogistic phrases, laudations and encomiums of all the forms of war heroism. To the Greeks there was no greater honor than death upon the battlefield. But the Greeks were a tiny civilization surrounded by powerful and hostile barbarians, which sorely outnumbered them, and if they are to be excused it must be upon this count. Canada, by no stretch of the imagination, can be considered to have any such justification. Likewise the Greeks kept many slaves and justified their doing so. We have given up the slaves years ago, and it is long since time that we should have given up the war "heroics."

Armistice Day, although I am sure contrary to its original intention, has become an annual day of military pagantry, glorification of arms, blasé nationalism and imperialism, and romantic sentimentalism. We will admit that many hearts were broken over loss in the World War, and that many of the wounds inflicted then have not yet healed, and we extend our sympathy. But is it right or reasonable, or in any way foresight, fairness or justice, that in extending sympathy to a new fast-disappearing older generation, that the youth should be fed a picture of war highly colored with romance and glory. Peace is prated about, while youth is taught the glory of the battlefield in the subtlest manner known to psychology—that of suggestion.

Also let us look at another question that was raised in the controversy. Many of those men who died were called cowards, afraid to face a hostile public opinion at home, others went for glory and a good time, due to the excitement and romance with which war has been colored in the manner I have suggested. This is undoubtedly true for some, but let us without prejudice one way or the other, grant that the majority laid down their lives for an ideal—to save their country, to save democracy, to uphold treaties, etc. Then we must admire the courage possessed by those men—or must we? I think rather we should extend our sympathy to them, and extend our hatred and ire towards those who deluded them into a misdirected courage, an utterly baseless martyrdom. Courage ought only to be admired when properly directed, otherwise its results are horrible.

What were the causes of the World War? Nationalistic and imperialistic tempers, backed by a system of entangling alliances and armaments. If you hesitate to agree with this state-

(Continued on Page Six)

A CHALLENGE

What man has done, yea, man can do: That's the message from the tomb. Go back and read your histories You men of froth and gloom!

Go back and learn the biting truth That Right prevails o'er Wrong, No matter how the struggle is It comes out lean and strong.

What man has done, yea, man can do: That's a challenge to your pluck. It doesn't mean more heated talk, Nor does it mean more luck.

It simply means a lot more "Do" To take the place of "May," It means enthusiastic work For sixteen hours a day.

Not kitchen work, but building work With waiting at its close: To make this World a Commonwealth, To keep it free of foes.

For this great task we ask for men Who can cure our ills of state, Steadfast to strike all stupid wrongs, Alert to judge the Great.

What man has done, yea, man can do: Depressions have come before. So saw your way through this present one, And make sure they will come no more!

—H. W. J.

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Correspondence

DR. CAMERON MAKES FIRST BASE

Editor, The Gateway.

May I be allowed a remark on the letter in which Dr. Alexander expressed his warm approval of an article by Mr. Fraser Macdonald on Remembrance Day?

With Mr. Macdonald I have no quarrel; I honour his right to form and declare his own opinions, and make no comment on his competence to form a secure judgment on such a matter as the mind of the soldier.

May I set a plain thought or two beside those that Dr. Alexander approves? As to Remembrance Day, clearly its character is likely to change with the passing of the war generation. It is important to know that some at least of the newer generation find commemoration of the dead meaningless, and desire to substitute thoughts of peace, good-will, and compassion for humanity. Can they not find room for these thoughts in the present form? Surely, everyone will approve their thought as a worthy continuation of the idea of the day. All that some of us ask is that we be allowed still to use the minutes to recall the faces, voices, and names of those whom we have not quite forgotten, and do not want to forget. We are only too happy to have younger men thinking their own thoughts beside us; they need not fear that they bring in a thing alien to the rest of us.

The only point, I think, on which some of us are disturbed, is not that changes are to come with the flight of time, nor is it that forgetfulness is sure to come, but rather that some find that what was once a sacred obligation has become an irksome duty, and that some seek to foster the will to forget, and to forget as soon as possible, the sacrifices entailed on others by the war. It may be that we shall all find that we are

not good enough, or faithful enough, to discharge the obligation we took on ourselves; for some of us, that will be a matter of humiliation and shame. It is unreasonable to ask all to feel as we do, but it does seem reasonable that the first generous idea of Remembrance should be left to live as long as it can, and that its passing be noted with a due measure of regret that humanity should promise so faithfully, and perform so feebly.

As to the conviction, or suspicion, that all the talk about the heroism, the self-sacrifice, and the high ideals of the citizen-soldier were all empty nonsense, everyone will think as he must about that. The returned man will not be very vocal about that, for he despised most of that kind of thing anyhow. The students of today should know that most of that talk came not from the soldier, but from the other fellows. Anything the soldier has to say is likely to be brief, good-natured, and addressed to the universe at large, rather than to Mr. Macdonald or Dr. Alexander.

If the new generation accepts too readily such a simplification of human motivation, I fear it will have its own grief in due season.

The student should not be too ready to concede that Dr. Alexander has the last word, or even any clear word of wisdom and comprehension in the difficult matter he has in mind. It would probably have been more edifying to the new generation if Dr. Alexander had dealt with his own war-mind, and left that of the others alone. He had his day of exhortations about "Huns," "the kind of beasts we are fighting," the glorious spirit of the soldier, and the more doubtful glory of the conscription act. Now, he knows he personally was muddle-headed, and catastrophically wrong. He was, in fact,

on a gorgeous emotional picnic, to borrow one of Mr. Macdonald's words. I do not note that the sweeping judgment he pronounces has anything to say about his own sins. There would have been real edification in a treatment of them. I think he will probably find enough to occupy his conscience without trying at the same time to pass judgment on the mind of others, and that the very last whose inner mind will pass before him, will probably be the soldier, who seems at the moment to hold his attention.

I take leave to doubt whether Dr. Alexander has earned the moral right to say what he has said, in his letter. I fear that some of the steps of the way between his war mind, and his exercise of the privilege of judging others, have been lightly skipped over. We have not seen him in dust and ashes yet for his own sins; perhaps when he repents he will add a little more dust for the presumption of sitting in judgment on the spirits of heroes.

Apart from the question of the necessity, and the propriety, of a pontifical utterance from him on the subject, some of us of course think Dr. Alexander is wrong. I think he is wrong, pitifully wrong, and I lament the fact that he may be but confusing a generation that is going to find it hard enough without added confusion to decide what the truth is. Personally, I resent his judgment on men I know.

D. E. CAMERON

NOTICE

The S.C.M. fireside will be held December 3rd, 1933, at the home of Dr. A. J. Cook, 9735 86th Ave., at 8 o'clock.

GRADUATE SCIENCE CLUB HEARS MR. W. C. HOWELLS

At a meeting of the Graduate Science Club on Thursday, Mr. Bill Howells gave a paper on the "Development of the Science of Geology."

The speaker dealt with the theories advanced from the time of the ancient Greeks to the present day. During the middle ages the church had a confining influence on the development of scientific geology. By various methods the theorists "eluded damnation."

Many controversies arose, of which the most famous was the basalt controversy. The science of geology is comparatively young, really beginning towards the close of the 18th century. Most of the fundamental laws were enumerated by the end of the 19th century. In common with other sciences today, research geologists are specialists in one particular field.

ELECTRICIANS TOLD OF RADIO RECEPTION

At the regular bi-weekly meeting of the Electrical Club on Wednesday, Mr. Ralph Lee presented a paper on Radio Reception.

He explained, during his very technical talk, the shape of the sound waves, detection by means of plate and grid, amplification, and filters. Several types of tubes were described and sketched, including the modern duo diode triode and pentagrid units.

Mr. Lee, the Scrivener of the Seen' Stuff Club, lived up to his reputation, and drew four thousand three hundred and six sketches on the blackboard, the circuits at times becoming more complicated than Mr. Robb's Heat Balance.

At the conclusion of the paper, the Third Year class was all raving mad, and several of the Fourth Year students were babbling wildly about modulation, frequency and oscillation.

Mr. Mills was able to ask a few questions, due to the fact that he hadn't been listening to the speaker during the reading of his paper.

ATTENTION! MEN'S SWIMMING

All men in any way interested in swimming are requested to turn out on Wednesday night at 9 p.m., at the Y.M.C.A. pool. Training has started for the Intercollegiate Meet to be held here early in February.

BRITISH GUILD PLAYERS

(Continued from Page Five)

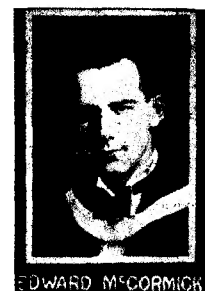
which each other recognize as in the perfectly natural course of events. However, the inevitable happens; they fall in love with each other, drop their "sweethearts" and immediately jealousy enters, and they are fighting and quarrelling in the very manner they had attempted to avoid. Ann's sister and brother-in-law had been divorced, but in the last scene we see them preparing to be remarried, and Ann and Tice, with like resolve, decide to continue in their married state with the final decision that their moments of love outweigh their quarrels and disaffections. A very discreet and understanding old butler, and an additional young married couple add considerable comedy to the play.

The action moves rapidly, and the cast is, on the whole, evenly balanced and good. The performance of Gaby Fay, who plays the part of Ann Marvin, and that of James E. Mills, who plays Tice Collins, is restrained and very finished. David Clyde, in the role of the butler, proves a delightful comedian.

The audiences so far seem to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The company have had a good attendance, and it is to be hoped that this will continue. Edmonton is most fortunate in having at this time a legitimate stage that will bring to her the compositions of our modern playwrights, and admission is no more than that of a movie.

TAURUS

It is indeed a great shame that those two perfect specimens of the lower jaw-bones of the North Pacific whale which were so kindly presented to the University of Alberta



EDWARD MCCORMICK

Geology Museum by one of Edmonton's prominent old timers, Mr. W. I. Crafts, of 9922 104th Street, are being left to rot on the ground behind the Medical building. When Mr. Crafts goes to the trouble of bringing these huge bones all the way from Prince Rupert, B.C., near which city the whale was caught, and then has the goodness of heart to present them to us, does it not seem inconsistent that we should be so thankless toward our benefactor and so unappreciative of so rare a gift that we simply throw the costly bones in a heap to rot.

A word about these bones would not be amiss here. They are from the lower jaw of the Balaena Japonica, the North Pacific member of the Cetacea family of the mammalian order. The jaw of this type of whale is about one-third the total length of the carcass. Many students have the opinion that these huge bones are the rib bones of some giant dinosaur because they are so smooth and free from teeth sockets. This is a common misconception, but it must be borne in mind that existing Cetacea are divisible into two sub-orders. The first is that of the whalebone whales, or Mysticetacea, in which no functional teeth are developed, although there are tooth germs during foetal

life. The palate is furnished with plates of baleen, or whalebone, which forms a strainer in the whale's mouth. In feeding, the whale fills his immense mouth with the water containing shoals of small marine molluscs, crustaceans, or fish, and then on closing the jaws and raising the tongue so as to diminish the cavity of the mouth, the water streams away through the intervals between the hairy fringe of the whalebone blades and escapes through the lips, leaving the living prey to be swallowed. There are 380 or more whalebone blades on each side of the whale's mouth. The second sub-order of existing Cetacea is represented by the toothed whales, or Odontoceti, in which there is no whalebone, but teeth are developed. An examination of our whale jaw-bones convince any one that they come from the whalebone type.

Taurus would suggest that these bones be mounted in front of Athabasca Hall at the junction of the wooden walk with the cement sidewalk. If a suitable bronze plaque with the donor's name and the name of the party or class erecting the arch were fastened to the base of the mounting, we would have a permanent and unique arch which would be a source of pride, besides turning an unsightly heap of bones into a thing of practical value, to say nothing about the duty we owe the donor to keep the bones from going to rot.

Dr. J. A. Allan, of the Geology Department, has kindly consented to permit any body, student or administrator, to take possession of the bones if they wish to have them mounted. Surely they would make a sensible and permanent class gift.

This idea is not original, for in front of the Aquarium in Hastings Park, Vancouver, a similar pair of bones, though smaller, is mounted with the small end meeting to form the apex of the arch.

BADMINTON

This year the Varsity Badminton Club is off to a good start under the able direction of Bob Adamson and Fern Atkinson. The nights reserved for play in the upper gym are Wednesday and Friday nights from 9 to 11 p.m., and Sunday 6:30 to 11 p.m.

Last year the club had a membership of some fifty players, with a waiting list of fifteen or sixteen players. The fees were \$4.00.

This year the fees are raised, and membership has decreased somewhat. But the play is just as enthusiastic as ever.

We miss greatly the following stars of last year, Edith Garbutt and Margaret Shepherd, but we are compensated by the addition of such players to this year's list as Guy Morton, prominent Calgary badminton star, and Ken Clarke.

This year the provincial playoffs will be held in Edmonton, so there is a good possibility of the Varsity club making a show in provincial badminton. These playoffs will be held in the early spring.

Lessons in badminton may be obtained from the professional at the Edmonton Badminton Club for 50 cents per lesson.

The city of Edmonton had a badminton league, in which the players from all the clubs entered are classified in three grades according to ability displayed. Last year Priscilla Hammond and Red Cooper won first place in the second class group in the mixed doubles. And Red Cooper defeated Bill Woods, of Edmonton, in the men's singles. We hope this year's club will show as much snap and style as last year's stars.

The students' club plays return matches with the faculty badminton club. It's great sport. Two good courts in the upper gym; \$6.00 fees and birds supplied.

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A Kossack jacket or windbreaker and a pair of these slacks and you are ready for all the thrills of this great winter sport. They are tailored of the same quality materials in colors to match the "Kossack" jackets. Side-fastening style with elastic waist bands and knitted ankle bands. Waist measurements 24 to 30. Priced at **\$4.50**

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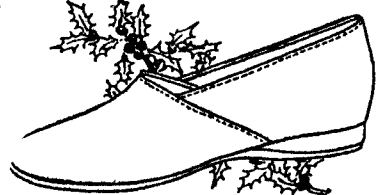
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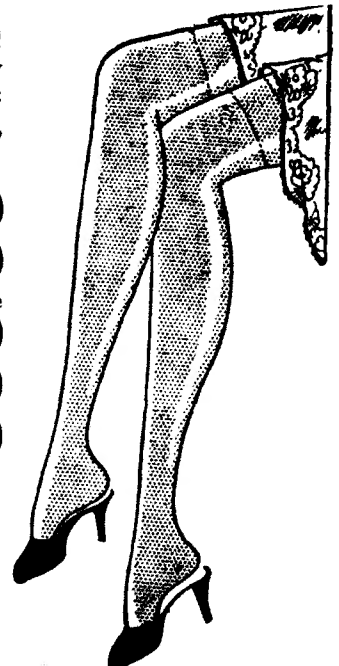
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